Volume LXIII CHICAGO, MAY 13, 1909 Number 11

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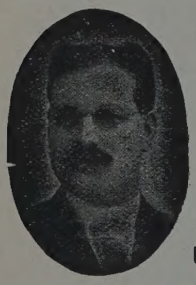

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VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1909 NUMBER 11

ESPERANTO.

By Doctor Zamenhof.

Thrills the earth with new emotion,
Through the world a mighty voice,
On the wings of air and ocean
Calls the nations to rejoice;
Bidding sheath the thirsty sword
And fulfill the prophet's word,
Drawing earth's great family
Into holy harmony.

Bearing Hope's bright banner forward
Throng the soldiery of peace,
Cries the watchman looking starward,
"Hail the day when war shall cease."
See the walls of a thousand years,
Sundering walls, that Time and Tears
Called eternal, dissolve in the past,
Battered down with love at last.

On the broad and fair foundation
Of a noble common speech,
Nation speaking unto nation,
Love shall whisper each to each,
Till the white-rimmed flag unfurled
O'er a federated world,
Sign and seal of strife's surcease
Bring God's eternal peace.

—A free rendering by Evelyn H. Walker.

Last week in connection with the discourse on "Esperanto," the hope language, we gave a literal translation of the hymn written in Esperanto by Dr. Zamenhof, the founder, the "inventor" shall we say, of the world language. This week we are glad to present a metrical version of the same, a free rendering by the hand of one of our poets.

It is Trinity Church of New York that Ray Stannard Baker now puts into the limelight, and its searching rays expose a pitiful tale. But the sub-title of his article must not be overlooked: "An Indictment of the Richest Church in America, But an Indictment Which Does Not Disturb One's Faith in Religion." The revealments of the condition of the Trinity Tenement houses made by the commission of which Richard Watson Gilder is chairman are distressing enough, and it is painful to think that it can be said of this venerable church that it "always fights improvement." We read also that they "despise the pennies of the poor," while not far away the large Catholic church recently built has been entirely erected and is now sustained by the pennies of the poor people.

Get the *Review of Reviews* for May and read the four-page article: "Another Year of Defeat for the American Saloon," and take heart and keep at it. But for fear some of our readers will not take time to do this we reproduce the closing paragraph:

> The liquor men have untold wealth at their disposal, the ablest minds in the nation are employed as their attorneys. They have lobbyists at the sessions of every state legislature and national congress, they have politicians of both parties in every state and city who can be relied upon to promote their interests. They have an army of 200,000 saloon keepers, and more than that of loyal patrons, millions of dollars are spent in advertisements and in their literary department each year, and their fight will be desperate and prolonged. But the self-interest and conscience of the nation are against them, and unless there shall be some reformation in the liquor traffic, which seems now impossible or if there should occur no disagreement or disintegration among the temperance forces now so united, it is likely that within a generation the saloon, as we see it today, will have passed away.

"The All-Parties' Primary League" is the title of a political organization affected in one of the most politically forlorn sections of the city of Chicago. The title suggests much. With all the advance achieved by primary election laws enacted by many states there still is a studied attempt in all of them to safeguard the original microbes that breed political corruption and, what is worse, devitalize the power of the competent and ties the hands of the most intelligent and righteous. Not until our primary laws give the independent—the man of no party, who is ever the true patriot—a chance to express himself and the opportunity of being counted will the humiliating revealments in Wisconsin politics, the present imbecility in Illinois politics, and the high-handed defiance of the demands of economic science, public interests and party pledges at Washington concerning the tariff problem be discontinued.

The Chicago Association of Commerce, which represents the business energy and intelligence of Chicago, have launched a great building project, a great home for civic enterprise, hospitality and direction, and UNITY hastens to make its long-standing plea once more. Will this association not provide for the greatest desideratum in the municipal life of Chicago: More adequate downtown meeting places for all kinds of benign forces, a nest of halls from a committee room for twenty-five up to a great auditorium for four or five thousand souls, all these halls to be available for a nominal sum. All the way from the Music Hall built for Prof. Swing down to the Auditorium and the Art Institute this fair promise has lured the projectors to end only in disappointment and defeat. The need of paying dividends has necessitated a golden key to unlock any available hall door in Chicago today. One of the central characteristics of the London of 500 years hence described in William Morris' "News from

Nowhere" is the number of mote-houses which serve as civic, social, educational and ethical centres for the community life. Gentlemen, give us a place to get together more often and at less cost.

A report from Elgin, Ill., in the last Monday morning's Chicago *Tribune* announces the testimony of a dozen ministers that the removal of hats by women was practically unanimous in all the church except those of the Catholic and Episcopal, faith in that city last Sunday. The ministers of the latter for biblical reasons as strenuously insist on the covered head as the other ministers have pleaded for the uncovered head. This was the result of what the paper calls a three-weeks' protest. The regular program for the Sunday evening services held at Orchestra Hall in Chicago contains a request that "all ladies remove their hats before the speaking begins," and the director of the service calls courteous attention to the same when necessary. The Sunday program and bulletin of All Souls Church at the Abraham Lincoln Centre contains the following standing request:

> It was voted at the last executive meeting to request the ladies of this congregation to remove their hats during Sunday morning services. This is a custom observed in all respectable theatres; first demanded by city ordinance, now enforced by the obvious requirements of courtesy. This does not apply to small bonnets that do not obstruct the view. Lockers in the ladies' cloak room below, where hats can be securely deposited and locked, can be rented at the office for $2 per annum.

Let others go and do likewise. A bill is pending before the state legislature limiting the dimensions of ladies' hats to eighteen inches. What began probably as a joke on closer study becomes a sensible proposition. A recognition of the rights of others, the inalienable rights to light, sight, and the pursuit of knowledge.

Rev. E. S. Meredith, of the First Parish Church, West Roxbury, Mass., has been sounding the other side of Ex-President Roosevelt's race-suicide alarm. The minister calls attention to the thousands of children even in Boston who receive less care than blooded horses, fancy cattle, or prize dogs. He reminds us that all the institutions for delinquent and defective and dependent children are overcrowded; that our population is doubling every twenty-five years; that a million married women are working to help their husbands support their children; and that two million children are working in factories and mines for a pittance. Surely this is a sad indictment; sad because too true: and still both Meredith and Roosevelt are right. The spawning life of the alley and back-street is most deplorable: the absence of child life on the boulevard and the avenue is a shame and a sin. The few puny children found in this region dwarfed by nurse girls and fettered by governesses, whose parents have so many different "residences" that the children have no home anywhere, children who are dragged about from city to country, from mountain to sea side, from America to Europe and back again, all the while having no home, or, having a home are left to the tender mercies of attendants while the parents are globe-trotting for the purpose of restoring broken nerves or in vain pursuit of spiritual peace and power, are lamentable. The problem is how to raise properly more children on the boulevard and to give parents on the side streets more of the joys and privileges of parentage.

The study of "A Tariff-Made City in Its Relation to Workmen," given in the *American Magazine* for May, is a painful one. "We don't want to go into the housing business. We are manufacturers, not real estate dealers." This is characteristic not only of the capitalists of Pittsburg, but everywhere. Wealthy men, promoters of business, have money for gorgeous clothes, costly churches, swell apartment buildings, also for "Homes" for old people, for crippled people, for orphans, half orphans, and all kinds of dependents, but never a cent for structures scientifically constructed that look towards giving the honest poor, the striving young man, the self-respecting young woman, the intelligent young couple of moderate means a habitation that will be at once sanitary and simple, respectable and economical. All such propositions are promptly dismissed with the final decision: "They can't be made to pay," to which it may be truthfully replied, "No one can tell yet," because the proposition has never been carried through the experimental stage. Even a settlement worker recommends a "relentless, bloodless agent" who is to have charge of rented apartments. The writer of this article now knows of a first-class opportunity in a most favorable location with a large real estate bonus to put up such a building as hinted at above, but the capital that would build a purely charitable institution or invest in a good, paying proposition is not forthcoming as yet for a high venture that would probably not pay big interest on money, but would yield a self-supporting and perhaps a little better income. This is the next high thing to do in city building. The rich and bad are better provided for than the good, self-respecting and self-supporting who are neither rich nor paupers.

"The Farmer and His Profits" is the title of an article in a recent number of *The Outlook* by J. P. Roberts, who for thirty years was Dean of the College of Agriculture of Cornell University. This expert traces the trouble very near to its source. Economists have thus far largely concerned themselves with the dealers, the middle men, the something called "business" and "commerce"; they have largely concerned themselves with the questions of transportation and manipulation of commodities already produced. The

men who produce, whether it be a bushel of wheat or a bolt of cloth, have been treated as "hands" to be pushed rather than as brains to be trained. Back of the problems of dealers or even consumers lies the problem of producers' and producing sciences; the inefficiency, the inadequate training, and oftentimes the uncertain support of the farmers are as yet largely academic problems. They enlist the sympathies of the historian; they challenge discussion in college class rooms; but the politician—even the statesman—have given them but little attention. The "money-bags" of the business man, the persistent lobbyist, and the selfish partisan are ever in the foreground of all legislative and congressional discussions: the man behind the plow is still the overlooked man, and oftentimes the overcrowded man. 'Tis true that he has good air to breathe, plenty of healthy food to eat, and too much credit. A farmer is seldom pushed into bankruptcy, but he is often waging a losing battle. The ominous mortgage and the dreaded bills depress, dispirit, and oftentimes confuse the judgment and undermine the courage. The fault cannot be placed exclusively on the one side or the other. The complexity of modern life which has demanded scientific training, special preparation, and a combination of energy, co-operation of many forces in all the other departments of life, have scarcely reached the farm and the farmer. This is the way Mr. Roberts puts it:

> These old-time farmers have put up a most heroic fight. They went on these farms with little or no capital; unaided, many of them paid the purchase price of the land and put valuable improvements upon it before its productive power had diminished. This they did without having received a single word of instruction in the schools concerning the principles of agriculture. Do we treat the sons of doctors of medicine and of veterinary science who are to follow their fathers' calling as we treat the sons of the farmers? We call the untrained doctor a quack and the untrained doctor of veterinary science a cow doctor. Is it any wonder that the untrained farmer is called a hayseed?

The *Outlook* for May 8 gives much space to the discussion of the minister's preparation. The inadequacy of his training, his remoteness from the world are considered by the editor. No one can doubt the timeliness of this discussion and the urgency of the problem, but perhaps, after all, the problem is more fundamental than that of the curriculum of the theological school. It is not a question of better information, but of more spiritual consecration; not more education, but more inspiration. The dominant element in a prophet is always one of courage. Not the discovery of truth, but the telling of truth is a hard thing. Whether the preacher is responsible for the intelligent tobacco consuming, wine-bibbing, bird-wearing, lace-displaying, Sunday banqueters, golfers and automobilists and church absentees, or whether these are responsible for the timid, hair-splitting remoteness of the preacher we cannot tell. Perhaps neither is responsible for the other, but preacher and people are alike victims of an intelligent, materialistic and commercial age. The imbecility and hesitancy all around are perhaps encouraged, or at least tolerated, by virtue of the great transition of theological thought; in the disintegration of creeds; in the decline of dogma. There has gone with it too often a confusion of ethics, a loss of zeal, and a neglect of the consecrations which are the permanent needs of the soul. All re-arrangements of religious thought are but gropings for a more adequate and imperative foundation for the religious life. Ruskin and Tolstoy have pointed the way out of this religious apathy. A more sincere attempt to apply the gospel long since professed, to live the beatitudes, to practice the golden rule, and a more heroic insistence upon the same by the church and its representatives will again restore the ministry to its lost estate, fill the theological schools, and re-people the pews. It is as true now as ever that one cannot serve God and Mammon. These words of Ruskin are a timely contribution to this discussion:

> Luxury is, indeed, possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfolded. Raise the veil boldly; face the light, and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sack cloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be unto this last as unto thee; and when for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the weary are at rest.

The Second National Peace Congress

The Congress has come and gone. During the nearly forty years of Chicago life known to the writer, thirty or more years of which he has known much of the strain and stress of Chicago, there have been three great occasions upon which Chicago in a peculiar way testified to the higher realities, the intangible wealth of the race and contributed in ways strangely diverse to the world consciousness.

One was when, thirty-eight years ago, Chicago lay prone in its ashes, in its calamity it demonstrated in a wonderful way the common brotherhood that defied the barriers of race, sect and seas. The second was when, sixteen years ago in the great Parliament of Religions, the wide-spread representatives came to try to adequately state the common kinship, the oneness of the race. The third event was last week when with great deliberation and wide representation they came from the east and the west for the purpose of hastening the work of organizing the world, legislating in the interest of brotherhood, enacting the kinship of races.

The personnel of the gathering was distinguished. Some thirty-two out of the forty-six governors sent official delegates. Perhaps fifty or sixty municipalities were represented by men and women appointed

by the mayors or their representatives. It must have gladdened the hearts of those mayors and governors to find an occasion when they could ask their truly representative men and women to serve their constituencies without regard to political pulls or party influences.

The program was a weighty one, reaching through practically five days. Sixteen or more sessions were provided for; oftentimes two or more sessions were running at the same time, and still the audiences at the Orchestra Hall, Music Hall and Women's Club rooms were phenomenally large for mid-week meetings for busy Chicago. Secretary Trueblood remembered that one of the smaller day sessions out-numbered the largest audience that the Peace Congress in 1893 was able to muster in Chicago, although it met at a time when all the world seemed to be in Chicago. The program, though crowded, carrying from fifty to sixty or more names, was with very few unimportant exceptions, literally carried out and practically on schedule time.

The character of the arguments presented is noteworty. The typical "reformer" of the old school, whom the too prosaic world would characterize as a "crank" or a "fanatic," was little in evidence. It was not a preachers' affair. Our eastern friends were distressed at what seemed to them the apathy, the reluctance or at least the awkwardness of the Chicago clergymen in regard to the project. The Congress would not have been had it not been for the intelligent and generous backing given it by the Chicago Association of Commerce, an organization of business men banded together to promote the interests of the city; their very title indicated their primal inspiration. The Congress justified their backing. The arguments tended to show the wastefulness, the extravagance, the foolishness of war and the ruinous madness of this rush for armament.

We cannot even attempt to epitomize the papers; we will hope to print some of them from time to time; we trust they will all be made available in due time in pamphlet form. We must content ourselves at this time in hoping that this great seed sowing will be followed by adequate tilling. Chicago should have a permanent office in the interest of peace and the necessary equipment in the way of competent secretary, office, typewriting and stenographic assistance to perpetuate the interest, prolong the contest.

The spirit of the Congress hastened to embody itself. A brave beginning was inaugurated by Mr. Lindgren, the Swedish Consul of Chicago. Never was the maxim, "He gives twice who gives promptly," more justified. The nature and scope of the gift is best set forth in the letter of Charles G. Little, chairman of the Northwestern University, to Mr. Skinner, president of the Association of Commerce, which letter was read in the two banquet halls, to the delight and inspiration of all present.

A citizen of Chicago, well known in commercial and philanthropic circles, has just given to Northwestern University $25,000, the income of which is to be used under the direction of a carefully constituted committee for the promotion of international peace and Christian unity.

The plan contemplated by the donor, Mr. John R. Lindgren, is the holding of conferences annually to be opened with an address by some distinguished advocate of peace and unity, the offering of prizes for essays upon chosen aspects of these great topics, and also correspondence and co-operation with universities and colleges and associations like your own, in furtherance of the objects named. It is hoped to foster, especially among the young people of our country, ideals of international friendship which shall tend to exterminate the baleful antipathies that menace our modern civilization, also to explore and to expose the causes and conditions that produce and provoke war and conflict, and above all to develop an extensive, intelligent and efficient enthusiasm for a harmonious co-operation in promoting the ideals, increasing the forces, and perfecting the methods that make for the peace and the progress of the world.

The closing double banquet, occupying the two largest halls in the city, at which over a thousand guests broke bread together, was addressed by the official representatives of China, Germany, England and Norway and the leaders of the sane members on this matter in Congress,—Bartholdt of Missouri and Tawney of Minnesota. Altogether it was an assemblage to be reckoned with and one much needed, for the very next day there was gathered in Washington another body of "eminent men," masking under the banners of peace but pleading for a big navy, and the telegraph announces how England has precipitated the "new navy" movement and even far-off Austria-Hungary is contracting for four new dreadnaughts, and the mad competition threatens to spread disease in still more virulent form before the proper antidote can be applied.

We are glad to present this week the declaration of the Congress which wisely concluded to confine itself to its main contention, although of course the more special reforms would have been glad to find their contentions emphasized, such as the socialist and temperance movements, the woman suffrage agitations, etc., etc.

A LITTLE CROSS.

A little more cross and a little less creed,
A little more beauty of brotherly deed;
A little more bearing of things to be borne,
With faith in the infinite triumph of morn.
A little less doubt and a little more do
Of the simple, sweet service each day brings to view;
A little more cross, with its beautiful light,
Its lesson of love and its message of right;
A little less sword and a little more rose
To soften the struggle and lighten the blows;
A little more worship, a little more prayer,
With the balm of its incense to brighten the care;
A little more song and a little less sigh,
And a cheery good-day to the friends that go by.
A little more cross and a little more trust
In the beauty that blows like a rose out of dust;
A little more lifting the load of another,
A little more thought for the life of a brother;
A little more dreaming, a little more laughter,
A little more childhood, and sweetness thereafter;
A little more cross and a little less hate,
With love in the hands and a rose by the gate.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS *civilization has now reached a point where conscience, reason and the sense of brotherhood are increasingly controlling men in their relations to each other; when private war and the duel have wholly or largely disappeared, and the different nations have created for themselves systems of law and courts by which differences between their citizens are peacefully adjusted; and*

WHEREAS *the two Hague Conferences have created a permanent International Court of Arbitration to which all the nations are now parties; have approved unanimously the principle of obligatory arbitration for the settlement of international controversies; have sanctioned, without a dissenting voice, the creation of a permanent International Court of Justice, with judges always in service and holding regular sessions, and have urged the governments to find a satisfactory formula for the selection of the judges; and have laid the foundations of a regular Congress of Nations by unanimously voting for periodic meetings of the Hague Conference hereafter,—which great measures are the most decisive steps yet taken toward that organization and systematic co-operation of the nations which shall eventually substitute law for war,—therefore be it*

RESOLVED *by this Second United States National Peace Congress, that public war is now out of date, a relic of barbarism unworthy of our time, and that the nations of the world by joint agreement, by a league of peace among themselves, ought to make its recurrence hereafter impossible.*

RESOLVED *that no dispute between nations, except such as may involve the national life and independence, should be reserved from arbitration, and that a general treaty of obligatory arbitration should be concluded at the earliest possible date.. Pending such a general treaty, we urge upon our government and the other leading powers such broadening of the scope of their arbitration treaties as shall provide, after the example of the Danish-Netherlands treaty, for the reference to the Hague Court of all differences whatever not settled otherwise by peaceful means.*

RESOLVED *that the prevailing rivalry in armaments, both on land and sea, which imposes such exhausting burdens of taxation on the people, and is the fruitful source of suspicion, bitter feeling and war alarms, is wholly unworthy of enlightened modern nations; is a lamentable failure as a basis of enduring peace; and ought to be arrested by agreement of the powers without delay.*

RESOLVED *that the Peace Congress expresses its high appreciation of the action of our government in the recent conclusion of twenty-three arbitration treaties, and in the promotion of friendly relations between the various American republics. It recognizes with special satisfaction what was done by our government and representatives at the Second Hague Conference in behalf of a general Treaty of Obligatory Arbitration, a Court of Arbitral Justice, the immunity of private property at sea from capture in time of war, and the establishment of a periodic Congress of the Nations, and in support of the proposition of the British government for limitation of armaments.. It respectfully and urgently requests the President and the Congress of the United States to take the initiative, so far as practicable, in an endeavor to complete the work of the Second Hague Conference in these various directions; and especially to secure an agreement among the military and naval powers for a speedy arrest of the ruinous competition in armaments now prevailing. As an immediate step to this end, it urges our government, in obedience to the charge of the Second Hague Conference as well as the first that all nations should earnestly address themselves to this problem, to create a special Commission of the highest character for its consideration, whose report shall serve as a basis for the action of our delegates at the third Hague Conference.*

RESOLVED *that this Congress earnestly endorses the movement so auspiciously begun by the governments of Denmark and Great Britain to provide at public cost for constructive measures to promote international good understanding, hospitality and friendship, and appeals to our own government for broad and generous action upon these lines.*

RESOLVED *that this Congress, representing all sections of our great country, appeals to our churches, schools and press, our workingmen's and commercial organizations, and to all men of good will, for increased devotion to this commanding cause, and such large support of its active agencies as shall strongly advance the great measures which are to come before the next Hague Conference, and shall maintain our nation in high and influential leadership in behalf of international justice and order.*

PASSED BY THE SECOND NATIONAL CONGRESS, HELD IN CHICAGO, MAY 3-5, 1909.

THE PULPIT

"The Arrest of Armament in Fidelity to the Hague Movement"

ADDRESS BY EDWIN D. MEAD, AT THE SECOND NATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE, ORCHESTRA HALL, CHICAGO, TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 4, 1909.

With the meeting of the first Hague Conference in 1899, there opened a new era in the peace movement and in human history. The reason why that conference was called was because the Russian government felt, and every government to which its invitation came recognized, that the burden of the world's great armaments, the cost of armed peace, had become so monstrous and intolerable that things could not

longer go on as they were; it meant universal bankruptcy and ruin. It was expressly to deal with the question of disarmament that the First Hague Conference was called. "A Conference on Disarmament" was what was proposed,—that was the first official title, afterwards changed to that of the Peace Conference. It was to be, "above all, an international discussion of the most efficacious means of putting a limit to the present progressive development of armaments"; and the commanding necessity of this limitation was never stated more forcibly than in Count Mouravieff's circular in 1898. We need to remind ourselves of his memorable words more urgently today than ten years ago:

"Financial burdens which are increasing affect public prosperity at its source. The intellectual and physical energies of peoples, as well as labor and capital, are for the most part diverted from their natural application and unproductively consumed. Hundreds of millions are employed in acquiring frightful engines of destruction, which are considered today as the acme of scientific invention, but tomorrow are destined to become valueless in consequence of some new discovery in the same domain. National culture, economic progress, and the production of wealth are paralyzed or warped in their development. Furthermore, in proportion as the armaments of each power increase, they respond less and less to the end which the governments had in view. The economic crises due in a great measure to the regime of armaments and the continual danger which lies in this heaping up of war material transforms the armed peace of our time into a crushing burden which peoples find it harder and harder to bear. It therefore appears evident that if this state of things is prolonged it will inevitably lead to precisely that cataclysm which we seek to avert, the thougnt of the horrors of which causes the mind to shudder. To put an end to these incessant armaments, and to seek a means of averting the calamities which threaten the whole world, is the supreme duty which today imposes itself on all States."

That was the "intolerable" situation of ten years ago. The first Hague Conference met. Two years ago the second Hague Conference met. Both conferences approached anxiously this greatest of the problems before them. The first conference discussed it seriously, but without results. The second conference hardly discussed it at all, but after long agony passed pious resolutions upon the urgency of the problem. Why did it not grapple with the problem? Because of the conflicting policies and selfish ambitions of two great powers, so uncompromising and irreconcilable that to these the welfare of the world had to be postponed.

Meantime how has the world fared? What has the "intolerable" burden of ten years ago become today? Let us consider simply Great Britain, Germany and the United States. It is unnecessary to go further, because these three nations control the situation, and they are the chief sinners. If these three nations began today to act, with reference to armaments, in accordance with the spirit and purpose of the Hague conventions, the peace and order of the world would be assured tomorrow.

In 1898 Great Britain spent on her navy $124,000,000; Germany spent $29,000,000; and the United States spent $50,000,000. Last year Great Britain spent $170,000,000; Germany $83,000,000; and the United States $104,000,000. The increase in precisely the ten years when there should have been decrease was enormous. Our own army expenses last year were as great as our navy expenses. Our navy expenses this year will be $30,000,000 greater than last year. We are today paying for expenses of past wars and preparations for possible wars 65 per cent, practically two-thirds, of our total national revenue, leaving barely one-third available for all constructive purposes. What would Washington and Jefferson and Franklin say to this? We know what they did say about things of this sort. They would say today that the republic was standing on its head.

This is what has come about in ten years in these three nations because the Hague Conference in 1899 did nothing about the reduction or arrest of armaments. As we now look back, we see that it could not do much directly at that time. The war system of nations could be supplanted only by the gradual development of a system of international law and justice to take its place. When the first Hague Conference created the International Tribunal, it did indirectly the most, probably which it could do, in behalf of the reduction of armaments, because it took a long step in furnishing the nations with such legal machinery for the settlement of their differences as makes recourse to war machinery more and more unnecessary and inexcusable. It has been in the line of this thought that the international lawyers have had their hopeful assurance. Develop the legal machinery, they said, and the armaments will perforce crumble of their own dead weight.

The continued and rapid development during the decade of provision for the peaceful settlement of international disputes has been something unparalleled in history. The leaders of the movement for international justice are sometimes reproached with being dreamers. The only trouble with them in the last ten years has been that, so far as the development of the instruments of international justice are concerned, they have not been able to dream daringly enough or fast enough to keep up with the facts. If we had been told in 1899 that we should see in the world today an International Tribunal, with half a dozen cases already successfully settled by it, an International Prize Court with such a code as that just agreed upon in London, a Court of Arbitral Justice decreed and the appointment of its judges a thing of the near future, and eighty arbitration treaties ratified between different pairs of nations pledging reference to arbitration of all disputes not settled by regular diplomatic negotiation that are likely to arise between them,—I say that if we had been told in May, 1899, when the first Hague Conference met, that we should see all this achieved by this May, 1909, we could none of us, the most optimistic of us, have believed it. Yet all this we see.

What of it? What is the logic of it? The logic of it, the thing clearly prescribed, is the gradual decrease of the machinery for the settlement of international differences by war corresponding to the steady and now so wonderfully great increase of the machinery for their settlement by arbitration and the courts. This is perfectly clear. The wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err in this. And the wayfaring man does not err. It is so clear that, seeing the nations do not respect the logic, he promptly pronounces the Hague conventions waste paper and the whole Hague movement a humbug. In this he does err seriously; but it is because he does not take into account the extent to which vested interests, commercial greed, selfish national ambitions, and the pride and pervasive influence of entrenched military classes hinder straight logical operations. The sophisticated politician is reckoning with a mass of premises not down in the books of the plain people.

The plain people are right on the main point. The failure to decrease the machinery of war as we increase the machinery of law, above all the actual enormous increase of armaments at such a time by the very nations party to the Hague conventions, is rank

infidelity to the spirit and purpose of those conventions. One thing alone could justify or excuse it—some obvious new danger. Is there any such new danger? We need not now meddle with other people's affairs. How is it with ourselves? Our increase in naval armament in these ten years has been something portentuous. No nation has a worse record; perhaps no other has so bad a record, since we, unlike England and Germany, have no provocation or excuse. We have no jealous neighbors, no great merchant marine to guard, no concern about food supply, no exposure to invasion or attack,—we are in no danger whatever if we behave ourselves. There is none from Europe; there is none from Asia—the periodic, trumped-up visions of Japanese armies advancing through the mountains upon Salt Lake are worthy only of the type of Englishmen whom Cobden dealt with in his "Three Panics," and who are thrilled by Du Maurier's cheap melodrama. At this very time Japan is cutting down her naval budget while we are pushing up ours. And South America—she needs our help no more. Ten years ago our loudest apology for battleships was that they might be needed down there in behalf of the Monroe doctrine, to stop some despotism in collecting debts. But the last Hague Conference made all that forcible collecting of debts henceforth illegal and impossible, removing at one stroke half of our hitherto professed occasion for a big navy. Does all this have any effect on the Navy League or on the people at Washington who settle these things? Not the slightest. Why? Because the plain people are asleep, and have not spoken.

The plain people read the newspapers. They have plenty of opportunities to know what the positive damages are which our own present naval excesses are doing to other peoples. They know what impulse they have given to similar furore in South America and in Australia; they know that they have furnished arguments in the French Senate for the increase of the French navy; they know what bitter disappointment and set-back they have given to the brave champions of international reason and justice in every European nation, working at such terrible odds against the appalling and increasing burdens there. Mr. Birrell of the British ministry spoke for all that is enlightened in Europe when he exclaimed concerning the "words of doom," as he called them, in the section of Mr. Taft's inaugural relating to this subject: "They have shattered some of the best hopes of humanity. It is a miserable pity, it is a miserable pity, that these hopes should be shattered and that we now have to deal with the United States as a fully equipped military and naval station." He might have added that the most pitiful fact of all is the fact that in the present year the United States, hitherto boasting that it but followed the lead of England and Germany in building Dreadnoughts and that its anxiety was to limit the size of battleships, now takes the lead in building larger ships than any now existing, thus forcing up the standard for all nations.

That an English minister, a conspicuous friend of America, should have to speak a word like that of Mr. Birrell about us today seems the veriest irony as we hark back thirty years to a speech about us by John Bright, our most eloquent English friend of the last generation. It was exactly thirty years ago, on a Fourth of July, our natal day, that in a powerful speech in Parliament, arraigning the great and growing burden of European armaments, with the mounting debts and drain on national resources, John Bright turned to the United States to point to the contrast. "She has practically no army nor navy, her war debt is now insignificant, her taxation is light, her resources are exhaustless, her people are prosperous and contented. How Europe, handicapped by its present burdens, can expect long to compete successfully with her in industry and trade is hard to imagine. If she perseveres in her present wise and noble policy for twenty years, she will force Europe to disarm in sheer industrial self-protection." This is the advantage—advantage to ourselves, advantage as a friend and servant of the nations of Europe—that we have recklessly thrown away; we have come down to their level instead of lifting them to ours. Sir Edward Grey, the English Foreign Secretary, in a debate in Parliament just a month ago, said truly that the vastness of the present expenditure on armaments is a satire on civilization, and if it continues must lead Europe into bankruptcy; and he added no less truly that nations which are preparing themselves at the present rate to protect themselves from possible outside attack may be preparing themselves for internal troubles of the most disastrous and radical kind.

No Englishman foresaw all this more clearly than Gladstone, the great statesman who by his part in the Geneva arbitration with ourselves, the most important arbitration case in history, did so much to prove that there are no matters of "honor" or "vital interest" so grave that two great and self-respecting nations cannot afford to settle them peaceably rather than go to war about them. It was because Gladstone refused to be identified with or responsible for the new policy of greater armaments into which England was advancing—let us never forget this great fact in his great career—that he finally retired from public life.

I say the plain people read the newspapers. They therefore know that any respectability or plausibility that ever attached to the silly contention that the way to promote peace is to prepare for war has been effectually disposed of by the present situation between England and Germany, in their mad race in building rival battleships. So far from each new Dreadnought proving an added bond of security and peace, according to the theory, each one on either side proves a new menace, a new source of suspicion, emnity and danger. So it is everywhere and always. Nations are like men. The unarmed gentleman is safe; the cowboy with his pockets full of pistols is always in danger. The present question is, How soon will the nations act like gentlemen, in mutual trust, and so be safe?

The plain people read the newspapers; and so they have read frequently that it is a great thing to have big navies to send about the world, because they elicit tumultuous expressions of friendship and affection from all sorts of people, in Rio Janeiro and Tokio and elsewhere, and so add to the fraternity as well as the gayety of nations. Well, they have not forgotten that one simple American statesman, named Elihu Root, elicited vastly more impressive expressions of friendship in every South American capital, and accomplished things of a vastly more constructive character, than all the sixteen noisy battleships that by and by followed him. And they wonder why, since Japan by her overwhelming demonstration so unansweringly proved her friendship, it was or is so necessary as the jingoes prate to display great squadrons to keep here well scared into good behavior. It was not battleships that Tokio was welcoming so tumultuously the other day; it was Americans. Had it been a single ship, without a single gun, bearing the duly accredited American emissary of good will, named Elihu Root, or named Jacob Dickinson, it

would have been just the same. Indeed it would have been much better—and I suggest to the gentleman of the Chicago Association of Commerce and other chambers of commerce that, like all policies of the gentleman as over against the policies of the cowboy in national affairs which we are here considering, it would have been vastly cheaper.

Just before I left Boston I read in a Chicago newspapers an account of a banquet given by your Association of Commerce in honor of two visiting commissioners of the Japanese International Exposition; and I was much impressed by a word spoken at that banquet by Mr. Harlow Higinbotham of your city. "I would rather," said Mr. Higinbotham, "send sixteen members of this association around the world, advancing the condition of this country, than twice that number of warships, as a peace measure. The effect would be more salutary. What we want is more exposition and less warships."

Well, that is what I call statesmanship. I wish that Mr. Higinbotham were in Congress. He has stated precisely the issue of the hour—friendship versus battleship. Which does true statesmanship prescribe? Which ship does America wish to float—statesmanship, friendship, or the battleship? The Hague conventions, in their whole spirit and purpose, command the one; the old Adam of false patriotism and national greed and pride will struggle to thwart that purpose to the last. There can be but one issue, for this is a world of growing reason and humanity; but it is for the reasonable men of this safe and strong republic to lead the world in hastening the era of justice. We must be unremitting in pushing to farther perfection the legal machinery. We must insist upon arbitration treaties so broad as to pledge reference to The Hague of every dispute whatever not settled by regular diplomatic negotiation—thus leaving no loophole for the mischief-maker's talk about "vital interests" and "honor." But we must face the fact that our chief problem now is a moral one. All the conventions in the world are good for nothing unless the parties to them are in earnest, unless they trust each other, unless they seek together to translate the spirit of their conventions into life. The implication and imperative of the Hague conventions are clear; the question of how and when we shall respect them is now a question of national character.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dr. Crooker's Reply to Mr. Fox

Mr. Fox is technically right: "The Model License League" and the "Brewers' Association" are not legally identical. They are, however, two hands of the same body; two wheels in the same machine; two branches of the same tree: This is all I meant by my language. Both represent the same interests; both fight the same battles; both have in the main the same ends; both hate prohibitionists with the same hatred; both advocate the use of liquors in the same language for the same reasons; and both appeal to Scripture in the same way to defend the brewer and condemn the abstainer: This is all the reader would infer from my statement.

My quotation from Mr. Gilmore's "Appeal" is not an exceptional statement; it is in line with expressions commonly current among the advocates of the liquor trade. This same scriptural argument is used by Mayor Rose of Milwaukee in his debates with President Dickie of Albion College, and no one knows better than he what the members of the Brewers' Association think and want.

The reader of the *Brewers' Journal,* the *Brewer and Malster,* or *Wine and Spirit Gazette* (and it would be well if more people now indifferent on the temperance problem would read these papers), will find in them much "stronger stuff" representing the churches than in Mr. Gilmore's "Appeal." From an editorial in *Wine and Spirit Gazette* (something over a year ago), these sentences are selected: "The main reason why men do not attend church is because the church is not Christian!" It is not Christian because it opposes the saloon! Again: "The humane man who enters the church today looking for aid to help humanity finds only the odor of the grave!" And the church people spend a large part of their time in trying to undo the ruin wrought by the brewery and the distillery! All this because ministers oppose the saloon! Of their attitude on the liquor problem, this statement is made: "This treason to Christ (sic!) is a crime against humanity beside which the faults, follies, and sins of the individual are insignificant!" This fierce condemnation of clergymen, because they condemn the brewery, the distillery, the saloon! And I am swept aside by Mr. Fox with contempt because I "write so intemperately"!

Let me call Mr. Fox's attention to the following letter sent to the editors of religious papers:

United States Brewers' Association,
New York, October 27, 1908.

To the Editor:

We take the liberty of enclosing herewith copies of two pamphlets which we have lately published, viz.: "False Science in the Schools" and "Voice of the Church.' You may reprint [sic!] any portion or the whole of these leaflets, or if you choose not to publish, we shall be glad to have you keep them for reference in your files. This also applies to everything we may send you later on. Our special object in writing is to inform you that we have placed your journal on our regular mailing list which will explain the receipt of future matter from us. Needless to say, we accept full responsibility for the same, and we unreservedly desire to co-operate with you in the interest of justice and truth.

Very sincerely yours,
HUGH F. FOX, Secretary.

This, to editors of religious papers, from the Brewers' Association, by authority of my critic! Could audacity or impertinence go further or mount higher? Asking the religious press to co-operate with the liquor interest in behalf of justice and truth! God save the mark! Seeking to muzzle the mouth of the guardians of morality that they may keep silent respecting the saloon curse: the heavy payments for advertisements by the liquor trade have, in many cases, silenced the editors of our secular press. Imploring ministers to co-operate with brewers to help religion and science! A situation fit for the wrath of a Dante or the wit of an Erasmus. The readers of UNITY may well marvel at this shameful impudence.

And what about the two leaflets thus sent by my critic, Mr. Fox? The one on "False Science" is wholly misleading and inaccurate: a piece of absurd sophistry and prejudicial or antiquated testimony. The "Voice of the Church" is a skilful but lamentable array of clerical opinions against prohibition, which are so presented that they lead the reader to infer that these ministers, so quoted, are friends and supporters of the Brewers' Association. One eminent New York divine is represented as declaring: "To drink is no sin. Jesus Christ drank. To keep a saloon is no sin,"—making it appear that this man is against temperance, on the

side of the brewers, and in favor of the dramshop, which certainly is not true. Even such a well-known friend of sobriety as Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is dragged into this company of apologists of drink, by these words: "Jesus lived in an age of total abstinence societies and did not join them,"—a sentence which does not fairly represent Jesus, and probably Dr. Abbott himself would not like to stand before the world just as he is here pictured.

Mr. Fox, in his letter of criticism upon my article, states that he disagrees with Mr. Gilmore, and he "feels strongly that the Bible should be left out of the discussions of this much vexed question of the liquor problem." Indeed! Why then did he not have it kept out of the pamphlet ("Voice of the Church"), sent to the editors of the religious press? The second paragraph of the leaflet opens with these words: "Though you should take the trouble to point out to him (the prohibitionist) that the Divine Founder of Christianity has himself given the clearest example and precept for a temperate use of wine,—though you should quote the apostolic sanction for the same," etc! Here is Mr. Fox himself sending out a pamphlet in the name of the Brewers' Association, in which precisely the same use of Scripture is made as that by Mr. Gilmore in his "Appeal"; and which I criticised in my article! He then used exactly the argument which he now repudiates. He condemns me for attributing to the Brewers' Association an appeal to Scripture which he himself, as its secretary, just six months ago forcibly made! "Model License League" may not spell "Brewers' Association," but both agree in using the Bible to justify the drink habit and the liquor traffic. Surely this is becoming more and more offensive to the Christian consciousness of America.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Boston, April 26.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes

A copy of *World Organization* has come under my eye, by Raymond L. Bridgman, published by Ginn and Co. It seriously needs a reprint, to bring it down to date—it was printed in 1905. That was only four years ago but we have had another Hague Conference; several Peace Conferences of a minor sort, but of immense purport, and above all the establishment of the International Industrial Institute at Rome. The prospect of a vast eruption of brute force during the coming summer throughout Europe, and the diabolical Dreadnaughts that are being built, does not abate our belief that philanthrophy is a higher virtue than patriotism, and that we are citizens of the world and children of God above and beyond our obligations to the United States.

Read with this book Mr. Bridgman's new volume entitled The Passing of the Tariff, but published by Sherman French and Co., of Boston. It is a capital book. There is no solution for this tariff selfishness, which wrenches all the trade and the moral relations of the world, but to let trade go where we had to let the Negro go, that is free. Chapter XXI is most admirable, and the optimism everywhere is inspiring. Stand to your colors, children of God! Be brothers to every human being! There are no provisos in the Golden Rule.

I have received Thyrza, from Houghton Mifflin and Co. This book is an instance of absolute fiction. The sentiment, the style, the morals, the characters, are all stiffly fictitious. There is some strong writing, and some attractive passages, but love making is done with slang, and a seduction scene is scarcely veiled, and is made the very life of the whole story. There is not an earthly excuse for the book, which is the only one on Houghton Mifflin's list that I ever have felt compelled to condemn. I regret it.

I want to call your attention to a more careful study of L. H. Bailey's book, The State and the Farmer, published by Macmillan Co. When I once referred to it I had not carefully read it. It is truly one of the most fundamentally important and valuable books of the present time. Dean Bailey of Cornell Agricultural College, has here sounded the reorganization note of American Society, onto the basis of industrialism. I do not quite agree with him on a few points, but I assure you that the book is one that thinking agriculturists ought to read.

I have from Houghton and Mifflin of Boston, a little volume of John Muir's, called Stickeen. It is the story of a dog; a simple story, good enough to go with Rab and His Friends. Of course it belongs in the list of "fake books," because it allows for the dog's intelligence, his reasoning faculties. Let me be a "fake" and a "liar" if that is what we must endure, in such company, rather than a hunter and "scientist" with Mr. Roosevelt and his companions. "There are more things in this world than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio." All the same my golden rule takes in dogs, horses, birds, and whatever else needs sympathy. "He prayeth best who loveth best, both man and bird and beast." In other words you will be a better man or woman for having read Stickeen, and you will be happier, if with John Muir you learn to sympathize with animal life and bird life, and do your part to make everything around you happy.

I have from the Macmillan Company Mr. Crawford's posthumous novel, The White Sister. This makes the last that we shall hear from that brilliant writer. I did not get deeply interested in all of his books, but some of them certainly stand at the very front of the fiction writing of the last generation. The Saracinesca series includes three of the really great works of this author; then there are three more closely related to the series. I am not certain but that I like best of all that he has written, A Roman Singer, but Mr. Isaacs bewitched me and Paul Patoff absorbed me. Then I turned to Zoroaster without losing any interest, and followed it with Greifenstein, one of the most interesting of his works. Children of the King, and With the Immortals, will be most appreciated by those who love fine art and simplicity. I am inclined to think that Crawford is going to grow on us, and that he will be read far more than he ever has been. One of the chief characteristics of his writings is thoroughness and minuteness of information. He was a very careful student. The White Sister is Angela, daughter of one of the aristocratic clerical party at Rome, and the book is full of the dramatic as it is of the romantic.

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

SUN.—Listen evermore to conscience. Keep the heart soft and responsive to all sorrow.

MON.—To consider tenderly the feelings, opinions, circumstances of others—what is this but Christian?

TUES.—Happy is he who wins friends in early life by true affinities; happier still if he does not permit age to separate him from them.

WED.—If you had to face life with the choice of fortune or friends, choose the friends.

THURS.—It was Lincoln's immeasurable capacity for friendship that made his splendid career possible.

FRI.—There can be no true conversation unless each is himself thoroughly. I say what is true and I believe that you say what is true.

SAT.—Truth enters fundamentally into the highest type of personal character. —*Theodore Munger.*

The Story of "Ginger."

Aunt Priscilla came tripping over to our house one morning, and as she came in she called out:

"Have you seen Ginger?"

Mother and I answered both together in a breath, "No. Why?"

"Because he's been out all night and hasn't come back yet, and he's never done such a thing before since he was born. And I don't know where he can be."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," said mother. "He'll come back all right before long. Ginger has found something very exciting to detain him, you may be sure—squirrels or mice or birds or something. But Ginger knows more than some people; he'd find his way back home from—anywhere!"

"Well, I shall advertise, and send some one out to hunt for him," said aunty.

"Ginger" was a splendid, big black cat, not a white hair on him—all black from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

The next day when aunty came in she had a newspaper in her hand, which was shaking with excitment.

"Gladys!" she cried. "Gladys dear, I know where Ginger is! P. T. Barnum has him, and he's going around the country in a circus show!"

We looked at aunty as if we thought she had lost her wits. "Look at that," she said, and thrust the paper into mother's hand. "I was looking over some old papers before throwing them away," she went on, "when I happened to see it."

Mother looked at the spot aunty pointed out, and saw in big letters:

WANTED. For Barnum's Circus. A big black cat without a white hair on him. Will pay a good price.

"That's where he is!" wailed aunty, the tears running down her dear cheeks. "Some one stole him to sell to the circus, and I don't know where the circus is. It left here some time ago, and, oh, what will they do with poor Ginger, all shut up with lions and tigers and yaks and gnus and things! He'll be killed and eaten alive!"

Poor mother did not know what to say.

"Well, aunty," I said, "he'll be taken good care of so as to look well in the show—you can take some comfort in that."

But she only shuddered, and replied:

"They'll make him jump through a paper hoop; they'll whip him till he does; they'll put him in with the tigers; they'll be brutal to him and destroy his mind and his manners. That's what they'll do."

The days went on, and Ginger did not come back. Poor aunty was quite changed.

One evening we had been invited over to her house to dine, and there was no place I liked to go better, because the more you see of Aunt Priscilla the more you love her. She always had the most wonderful thin old China and silver on the table, and gave me the loveliest things to eat, different from anybody else's, and always something new to look at or to play with. Well, we were sitting in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner to be served, when the paper boy came along and threw the paper on the steps. I heard him, and ran out to bring it in. There on the front page, in great black letters, the first thing I saw was:

"Great Fire in Bridgeton. Barnum's big building, where the animals are housed for the winter, burned to ground!"

I don't know how I ever dared to give the paper to Aunt Priscilla, I was so frightened. But I had to do it and then we listened while aunty read the account in a trembling voice.

"Ginger's dead!" she declared, when she had finished reading. "He's come to a horrible end!" And that night she lay awake all night.

She came over the next morning to say that she was going to take the train for Bridgeton and find out. She could not stand the suspense another minute, and she would rather know the worst at once.

"Why, my dear, he may never have been with the circus at all," protested mother. "It's eighteen miles to Bridgeton, and I don't believe I'd go on such a chase."

"I shall leave on the noon train," said Aunt Priscilla in a set voice, and when she spoke like that we knew it was no use to say more. So she went over to pack her bag to take the noon train for Bridgeton, and I went over with her, and as we went into the sitting-room on the left of the front hall—what do you suppose we saw? Ginger, sitting up in the sunshine in his favorite old spot on the window-sill, calmly washing his face, and looking out at the landscape!

We could not believe our eyes, and aunty screamed right out. "Ginger," she gasped, "you darling, you wonderful! Where did you come from?" and she stared and stared, and no wonder. Then we rushed up to the window-sill. Round Ginger's neck was a big collar with the name, "P. T. Barnum," let in on a silver plate, and holes had been bored in his ears and great perky crimson bows tied into each one.

"I can't believe it," said aunty. And I'd like to know who could? But Ginger just must have walked home that eighteen miles all alone, at night, over a strange road. She began pulling the bows out of his ears, but I cried, "O aunty, wait a minute!" and I ran out of the room. I went and took the biggest grace-hoop, and I got a piece of tissue-paper and passed it over the hoop. Then I came in and held it up before Ginger, and I said, "Jump, Ginger!"

He looked at me and at the hoop a minute, then he gathered himself for a spring, and went head first through that hoop as prettily as you please! He lay down and rolled over, and then sat up on his hind legs and put his paws over his nose and made a little bow with his head!

"You certainly named him right, Prissie," laughed mother, for I had scampered over as fast as I could go to bring her. "He's got more ginger than any cat I ever heard of!"

"Ginger," sighed aunty, all in a daze of delight, "O Ginger!"

And this is how Aunt Priscilla came to have a trick cat. —*Winifred Ballard Blake.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

TWO FOREIGN UNIVERSITY CELEBRATIONS.—Speaking from the standpoint of a very humble, and one might almost say accidental, on-looker when Heidelberg University celebrated the 500th anniversary of its foundation, in 1886, I should say that, not only for university men of every grade or rank, but also for the intelligent tourist of either sex, the coming summer would prove an especially interesting one in which to visit Europe. Not only will the celebration of the 350th anniversary of the founding of the Academy of Calvin form the University's share of the Geneva festivities in the second week of July, but the University of Leipzig is also preparing for a jubilee the last of the same month.

The occasion is the 500th anniversary of its foundation and the completion of its thousandth semester. The program is as follows:

Wednesday, July 28. Reception of invited guests at the University; soirée at the Palm Garden.

Thursday, July 29, 9 A. M. Jubilee service at the University church, the *Paulinerkirche.* 10 A. M. Public meeting at the New Theatre; Address by King Frederick Augustus of Saxony. Afternoon and evening: open air festivities at the Palm Garden.

Friday, July 30. 10 A. M. Meeting in the University Hall: address by Professor Wilhelm Wundt, the noted psychologist. Noon: Historical procession. Evening: gala performances in all the theatres; at 9:30, grand commerce in a hall erected by the city for this occasion, with seats for ten thousand.

Arrangements for the jubilee are in the hands of Professors Binding (who will then be rector), Gun and Koester, and the University Council of the eleven student societies, the oldest of which is the Societas Lusatorum Sorabica.

Swiss students who claim Leipzig as their *Alma Mater*, have raised a jubilee fund of 7,636 francs to be devoted to the purchase of old stained glass representing the arms of the different Swiss universities.

This program, as we have intimated, contains several elements of interest even to the casual visitor. An historical procession like that, covering a period of five centuries forms, I can assure you, a novel and memorable spectacle for an American tourist.

One of the popular features of the University celebration at Geneva is to be a garden party at Vallon, the beautiful country-place of Mr. Casimir de Candolle. All who have studied at all at Geneva, know well how many lectures are given at the University which are attended by the public at large. No matter what their other interests, Genevans keep in touch with their famous University and in recognition of their loyalty this garden party has been planned as a feature of the celebration in which many of them can participate.

The scene of this festivity is not only admirable for its beauty but especially appropriate on account of its associations. "Four generations," says the Journal de Geneva, "of De Candolles, eminent botanists, have lived at Vallon or frequented it. From it may be seen the little house where Charles Bonnet began his entomological observations; near by also are the villas of H. B. de Saussure and Sismondi, so that from this charming spot one may see, at a glance, as it were, one of the most brilliant pages in the intellectual history of Geneva."

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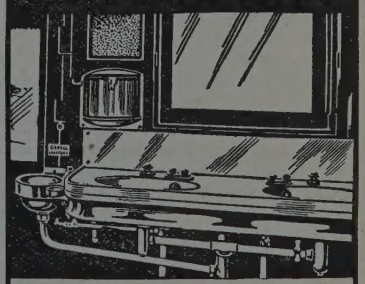

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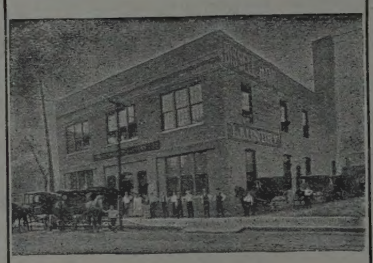

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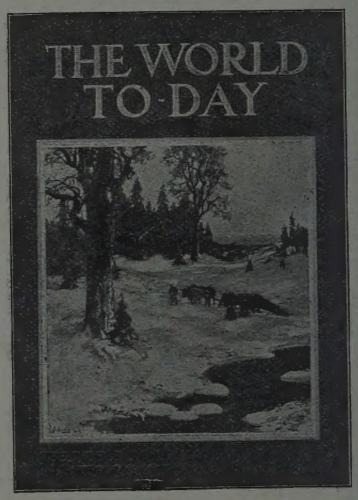

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